

PITCH BLACK: Truth and Trust

by Nikkid

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Summary: Gina Nieves, weapons designer, ex-con from Slam City.

Trapped on an alien planet with a insecure pilot, a greedy merc, and a lethal convict. Who do you trust? Pitch Black MY way. Hehe. Strong Language.

1. Chapter 1

_ **PITCH BLACK: "Truth and Trust"

>The Gina Nieves Story

>
BY: Nikkid_

* * *

>AUTHORS NOTE:

>
>Hello fan fiction fans! I am Nikkid (You know, like Micky D's) and this is my fan fiction. Bad news. My computer is screwed up and I may not be able to have my site finished as soon as I'd like. Sorry. This fan fiction is based on the movie "Pitch Black" which was written originally by David Twohy and Jim & Ken Wheat. I have the book that was based on the screenplay that was written by Frank Lauria. You have to read the book! To all you Pitch Black fans, guess who asked Xing 's Webmaster) to add Pitch Black to the list of categories. Hehehe! You're looking at her! Yup, it was me. Hehehe!

>
This fan fiction is a reenactment to the movie where I added my own character, in other words if I written the story, this is what I would have done. I tried to remember all the lines (I am very good at that) and tried to make this fan fiction as realistic as possible. No I did not copy anyone's fan fiction, no I did not copy from any script (I watched the damn movie eight times if you are going to get pushy). This fan fiction is VERY long and so I had to break it up into different chapters. Sorry. Another thing you will have to know, this fan fiction has A LOT of curses and swear words. Sorry. Ah, and another thing. I am NOT a Vin Diesel fanatic, okay? I don't want to marry him, I don't dream about him, I don't wish to be his girlfriend, alright?! He is just an actor whom I respect and admire!

I hope you enjoy the fan fiction. If you have any questions, comments or complaints then please email me. Later! ;-)

* * *

><p><p>

There were times when Fry really hated her job.

>
This was definitely one of those times.

>
Fry was standing next to the hull of the Hunter-Gratzner passenger ship she co-piloted, trying to do a last minute check up on the landing hydraulics while listening to some damn lawman bitch about his prisoner. Fry was trying to be courteous but her patience was wearing thin.

>
"Co-Pilot Fry?"

>
Carolyn turned around and inwardly groaned. Oh No. It was one of the passengers. The one with the weapons shipment that the lawman, Johns, was so worried about. Walking with her head held up high was an attractive woman who looked to be in her mid or late twenties, with curly dark brown hair cut shoulder length, large light brown eyes, and a muscular body hidden behind a navy blue business suit that looked about ready to snap off.

>
"Holy mother of..." Johns breathed behind her but dared not finish the sentence as the woman neared.

>
Although still five feet away the woman paused and glanced at Johns, as though she had heard him, but continued her march forward.

"Co-Pilot Fry? I am Gina Nieves." The woman said, giving Fry a quick handshake. "You wanted to ask me something about my weapons shipment? Is there a problem?"

>
Fry nodded tersely, jerking her head to Johns. "Well, he's the one who has the problem..." Fry began.

>
Johns slid his way forward and put on a charming smile. "I'd say that it was not a 'problem', more of a concern really Ms. Nieves. My name is..."

>
"I know who you are." Gina interrupted arrogantly. "What's wrong with my shipment?"

>
John, taken aback, faltered. "Well, as you may not know I'm transporting a dangerous convict Ms. Nieves." he began, smiling again.

>
If the lady was impressed she sure as hell didn't show it. Gina raised an eyebrow. "And just what does that have to do with my gun shipment?" she asked, sounding mildly annoyed.

>
Johns, now also irritated that the woman was not partial to his charms, scowled. "Listen lady, this is one dangerous guy I have here. If he got loose who knows what he would do if he got his hands on some of those guns..."

>
Gina glared at Johns, her eyes burning into his. "I highly doubt that will be able to happen Mr. Johns. The unit box that my guns are stored in has a voiceprint lockout. Only I can open that crate, and no one else." Gina snarled. "So, as you can see, all your little worries have been for nothing. Besides your convict is going to be in cryo-sleep, isn't he? How can a dangerous felon access my hardware if he's out cold?" Gina asked sarcastically.

>
For a moment the lawman could not speak and then Johns looked downwards, his eyes filled with angry embarrassment. Muttering something unintelligible, he left the two women. Gina watched him go, her eyes calculating. "Please keep me posted." Gina whispered, her eyes never leaving Johns. "I'm going to check on my crates. Nice meeting you Co-Pilot."

>
Fry watched the women go, her eyes hard. She could tell that the

lady was going to be trouble. She was a hard ass but didn't seem to care. From what Fry had heard, Gina Nieves was an ex-marine who was booted out and put in jail for killing her superior officer. Or that's what the two bushwhackers had claimed when they first saw the sultry weapons designer. Fry shook her head and walked out to the dark hallway, heading for the cantina to join her crewies in a drink before takeoff, hoping to ignore the feeling that something horribly wrong was going to happen.

>
Her steps quiet, carefully placed one foot before the other, Gina Nieves slowly made her way through the empty ship. Everyone was out at the cantina, getting a last bite to eat or a last drink before takeoff. As tempting as a Nobular brandy was right now, Gina decided to ignore her alcoholic craving and check out this 'convict' that Johns was transporting. Something in her gut told her that there was something about this felon that was important to her. What, she would see in a moment.

>
Gina had changed her clothes for the trip through space. During cryo-sleep Gina liked to dress comfortably, to avoid cramps she would get later on if she stayed in the business suit she was wearing earlier. Her brown wave of hair tied back in a tight ponytail, Gina was wearing her favorite attire of large brown military pants that hung off her wide hips, a skintight black tank top that gave her perfect mobility and large, black leather padded military boots. Despite her great contempt for the military Gina did always liked how they dressed.

>
Gina gazed through the dark corridors, knowing exactly where she was going. Quickly passing the cryo-tube she would later be sleeping in, Gina headed to the secure felon cryo-tube she had quickly glimpsed earlier. Inside she had seen a large burly man, unconscious and chained, but that was all she could determine. Now coming closer Gina felt her eyes widen with every step she took closer, beginning to recognize this man. No... it couldn't be... Gina ran to the glass tube, her breath ragged with fear and denial. It couldn't be him... no way he was that stupid...

>
But it was.

>
It was him.

>
Richard B. Riddick.

>
Gina gazed into the glass portal, falling to her knees as angry tears streamed down her cheeks like rain off a tree branch. That fucking asshole, Gina thought ruefully as she glared at that face she knew so well. Yes, she knew this man. She knew him very well. They had met two years ago, just after he had escaped from Slam City. Gina (who had been released from Slam City a year before) was opening her own arms business, and agreed to hide Riddick away from the mercs, in a way saving him. During that period Gina was able to 'convince' Riddick to tell her his story, discovering that the two shared a deep hate for the Company. Remembering those memories of the savage passion the two had shared those four months made Gina's mouth water and her heart speed up. What he gave her as 'payment' for her aid. But it was over. He had left in a supply ship for Neckloss Twelve, leaving her forever for his freedom.

>
Or so she had thought.

>
Gina got to her feet and glared furiously at the unmoving form of Riddick, her body quivering with animal rage. _"You stupid fuckup!"_ Gina snarled, her voice a harsh whisper. "I paid twenty gees for that transport! And after all that money you got your ass caught?" Unable to restrain her fury Gina slammed her fist against the glass portal, rewarded with a loud **THUAK!** from the glass.

>
Riddick jumped in his restraints, and he jerked his head back

and forth, unable to see due to wearing a blind of some sort. He snorted and tried to speak behind the horse bit between his teeth. Gina guessed Riddick must have thought she was Johns and had just cursed at her.

>
Smiling cruelly, Gina pressed the intercom button, making her voice sound as sultry as possible. "Hello there Richie. Long time no see." Gina snarled, using her pet name for him, knowing how much he hated her using it. Immediately recognizing her voice, Riddick jumped again, shocked. Then he mumbled something unintelligible, shaking his binds in a wordless plea that was quite obvious. _Let Me Out!

>

>Gina snorted in amusement. "I'm guessing you just asked me to set your ass loose. Sorry baby, isn't happening." Gina said coolly.

>Riddick growled and shook his binds more urgently, his teeth grinding against the steel bit in his mouth. Gina smiled. That pissed him off. "What's wrong Riddick? You thought I'd bail you out again? Hmm?" Gina asked sarcastically. "Well guess what baby, I'm tired of risking my ass for hopeless losers like you!" Gina said, her eyes burning with rage.

>"I can't believe you got caught again! Can't you do anything without some help on my part?! Huh?" Gina said incredulously, shaking her head, disgusted. "Well that's the last time I waste my time on your ass! Have a nice time at Slam City. Think of me when some nutcase buttfucks you at night." Gina snarled vehemently, and spun around, storming away.

>And stopped.

>She slowly turned to gaze back at Riddick, seeing him struggle against this binds, mumbling curses behind the steel bit, thinking she was gone and his last chance at freedom also gone. Slowly the anger and frustration ebbed away and was replaced by pity. He looked so pathetic standing in there, straining against the tight steel mangles that bound him. She had to help him.

>"I must be crazy..." Gina muttered darkly and rushed to the glass tube again, searching for the controls. "Why do you always have to do this to me, Riddick? Huh? It's not like your going to thank me or anything once I set your ass loose."

>Riddick froze, sensing her presence again. He made no noise, probably thinking if he made any noise she would change her mind and leave again. Muttering curses Gina started trying out hacker codes she hoped would set him free. So far, nothing was working.

>Just when Gina was about to give up and try to open the tube manually she heard a loud BANG! and familiar footsteps. Gina's blood curdled. Johns. Fumbling, Gina quickly tried another code, cursing when it didn't work. "I'm sorry Riddick! I tried to get you out but Johns is coming back! I gotta get out of here!" Gina whispered into the intercom.

>
Riddick desperately shook his head, struggling against the shackles, mumbling behind the steel bit.

>
She glanced back, hearing the footsteps closer now. "I'm sorry!" she whispered desperately, and then turned away from the glass tube and leapt into a dark corner, using what the military had taught her to her advantage.

>
When Johns walked in he saw Riddick, immobile and out cold, the tight steel bounds unmoving. But something told Johns that something had happened while he was at the cantina... something... Johns shrugged and shook his head, still studying the frozen form of his captive. He was too still...

>
Scowling, Johns ran a hand through his thick red hair and mumbled a tight curse. Too damn stressed out, taking this paranoid

bullshit to new levels. That was when he heard something move behind him. Spinning around and bringing up his rifle to bare, Johns found himself face to face with Gina Nieves. She showed no surprise or fear from the rifle and just gazed at him with those cold brown eyes. Eyes that shared the same cold dislike that Riddick's eyes had.

>
Panting and his heart slowly returning to its normal pace, Johns slowly lowered his gun. Damn, she was fast! Quiet too! That was something you learn in the military. Swallowing hard, Johns looked her over. She had changed from the business suit and was now in large baggy cargo pants, a cute, black muscle top that outlined her body like a second skin, and heavy boots. Johns wondered how the bitch was able to sneak up on him with those on. "Well, hello there Ms. Nieves." Johns said coarsely.

>
Gina surprised him by smiling widely, as though amused. "Kinda jumpy, huh Johns?" she asked teasingly.

>
Johns smiled back, blushing slightly. "I guess I'm on my defenses today. Space travel, you know. Always a bit nervous before a jump."

>
Gina snorted and jerked her head to the unmoving form of his captive. "Or maybe it's the company. Ever think that?" Gina asked rhetorically. "Who is he? He must be one badass mother-fucker to leave such a big guy like you on the edge."

>
Johns blinked, not expecting the compliment. Why was she being so nice to him all of a sudden? Slightly suspicious, he turned to admireRiddick. "He's a felon with numerous charges. Theft, desertion and murder. Name's Richard B. Riddick, a real nutcase who escaped from Slam City about two years ago." Smiling, he nodded his head at the chained man in the secure cryo-tube. "Ever heard of him?"

>
"Riddick... Riddick..." Gina mussed, her eyes studying the man, and then shook her head, causing the short mane of dark brown hair to wave back and forth. "Nope. Can't say that I have."

>
Johns frowned, still suspicious. He knew a bit about Gina's background. She was an ex-marine who had started a arms trade business about two or three years ago just after she was released from Slam City. It was said she killed another marine, a superior, for raping her. Johns's frown went deeper. This bitch may look cute but Johns knew that she was just as dangerous as Riddick (although he had to say a lot saner). "Just what the hell are you doing back here anyway. Everyone is out at the cantina." Johns demanded.

>
Gina shrugged. "I just was checking on my guns, making sure they weren't damaged, and changing my clothes." She said defensively, raising a eyebrow. "That is still legal, right?" she asked sarcastically. Then with a final nod she turned and left him, heading out.

>
Johns watched her go, feeling a mix of suspicion and attraction. Despite her good looks, Johns felt the cold deadly air around her. Turning to study the tube Riddick was in, Johns noticed a small crack in the glass, as though someone had hit it hard. Johns cursed quietly. Oh yeah. This was one bitch he will have to keep an eye on.

2. Chapter 2

- CHAPTER 2 -

Gina cursed vilely as she headed for the cantina, her eyes once again filled with angry tears. Goddamn motherfucker! Oh yeah. Johns, the

son-a-bitch, was good alright. He was very good! Trying to calm her nerves Gina entered the pub, nodding to Fry and her crewies before seating herself at an empty table.

>
*That idiot!** How the fuck did he get caught?!_ Once again Gina mentally cursed to herself. She should have learned her lesson a long time ago! Never pity anyone, it just gets you into trouble. If Johns had been a bit smarter she would have been dog food by now! Well, Gina thought to herself, that was Riddick's problem now. This was the last time she risked her ass for him. Let him rot in Slam City. What went on between them was over!

>
Gina snorted and called for a drink. Still fuming she hadn't noticed the bushwhacker, Shazza, until the woman sat down at her booth. Jerking in surprise, Gina looked up and glared at the older woman, not in the mood for chatting with anyone at the moment. Shazza was a bit older than her, around her early thirties, with long black hair and a clear green eyes. "You mind? I'm trying to have a drink here." Gina growled darkly.

>
Shazza smiled. "Then you wouldn't mind if me and Zeke joined you." Shazza said, nodding to the large, dark, muscular man who was headed for their table with several drinks in his hand.

>
Gina groaned and studied her drink, her head throbbing. Great. Some mercs (who probably worked for the fucking Company, no doubt) wanted to have one happy chat with her, like they where old buddies or something. Gina closed her eyes. Might as well. It would take her mind off Riddick, the damn motherfucker.

>
Zeke nodded in greeting, sitting down next to Shazza and handing both of them a cup of some dubious blue liquid. Gina immediately recognized the Torellian brandy and clasped the glass tightly.

Torellian brandy! It was her favorite.

>
Zeke smiled, seeing her response. "Thought you'd like Torellian. Best stuff they have in dis shitter." Zeke said, offering his hand. Gina took it in one hand, using the other to raise the glass to her lips. "Name's Zeke." The Aussie said, introducing himself. "And dis is my partner, Shazza."

>
"Gina Nieves." Gina said, her throat burning from the harsh alcohol.

>
"We know who you are." Shazza said with a friendly smile.

>
Gina raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

>
"Yeah, we's heard about yours a couple of times." Zeke said, sipping his drink. "We've even used some of your weapons time afta time. Amazin design."

>
Gina shrugged nonchalantly. "Well I like to keep myself busy."

>
Shazza smiled again. "Your ex-military right?"

>
Gina scowled. "Yeah, used to be a marine before they booted my ass."

>
"What da hell for?" Zeke asked, draining his glass and grimacing.

>
Gina sighed and took another sip. "I killed my superior officer." Gina coughed, clearing her throat. "After he raped me."

>
Shazza nodded, smiling in cold acknowledgement. "Serves the bugger right. How'd ya do it?"

>
Gina shrugged and smiled, remembering Captain's Costello face just before he died. "I cut off his balls and then slit his throat." Gina answered calmly, seeing Zeke wince. "With a butter knife."

>
Zeke made a pained face. _"Christ._" he muttered and finished off his drink.

>
Shazza, seeing Zeke's face, laughed. "What happened afterward? I take it the officials didn't see this as a sign of self-defense."

>
Gina scowled. "Humph. I wish. Got two years in Slam City." Gina said darkly, remembering the dark cell she had lived in for three years. Remembering the animal cutthroats she now called her friends. "After they released me I used what I learned about weapons to start designing my own hardware and opened an arms trade business. It's good money. Been doing it for two years now."

>
Shazza nodded, still chuckling and took a long swallow from her brandy. "I hear that lawman gave you some trouble earlier. About your gun shipment?"

>
Gina frowned in disgust, remembering her last conversation with Johns. That was a close thing! "Yeah, he was worried that if the felon he's transporting got loose, he would take some of my guns and hold us all hostage or something like that." Gina said, leaning back against her seat. "Little does he know that not only does the crate have a lockout out code that responds only to my voice but the guns have a fingerprint control. Unless I give the right code, only I can use those guns." Gina said, feeling a bit tipsy already. Damn Torellian brandy. "Call it an insurance policy."

>
Both Zeke and Shazza nodded respectfully and the three had a moment of silence, sipping their drinks. "Who's the bugger anyway?" Shazza asked, "The felon?"

>
Gina shrugged but kept her eyes on her glass, "Name's Riddick or something like that. Johns said that he was guilty of multiple murders. A real nutcase." Gina said as nonchalantly as possible, knowing it was bullshit. Riddick wasn't guilty of shit!

>
Shazza blinked and studied the woman in front of her, noticing the drop of eyes. She was about to ask something when one of the pilots went up to the table, middle-aged man by the name of Owens or something like that. "Hey, we are about to load up. Better get onboard." he said, then walked away to tell the rest of the passengers.

>
Gina closed her eyes. So this was it. They were about to load up, get into those damn cryo-tubes and go to New Mecca. This would be last time she saw Riddick. Not sure whether to feel relieved or spiteful Gina muttered a curse and got to her feet. "Thanks for the drink." she said, nodding to the two bushwhackers.

>
The two smiled and said their goodbyes, Shazza's eyes studying Gina curiously. Gina walked out of the pub, tossing the bartender a chit, wishing the growing feeling of guilty despair and the image of Riddick in that glass tube, chained and straining against his binds, would go away.

>
Shazza watched Gina as she rubbed her sleekly muscled body with neutralizing solution (to keep the muscles from going numb during the long trip through space), her large light brown eyes never leaving the convict, Riddick. She knew more about the felon than she was letting on, Shazza concluded. She noticed this when Gina had lowered her eyes when she spoke his name. Shazza shook her head, not that it surprised her.

>
Being in the arms business you meet a lot of whackos. The fact that Gina had a fling with a psychopathic murderer was no surprise. After all Shazza herself had fallen for Zeke and he was a merc turned bushwhacker. Shazza smiled warmly at Zeke, him winking in response. One after another the passengers laid down into the cryo-tubes, waiting for the darkness to take them.

>
Gina absolutely hated interstellar travel, mainly because of she had to crawl into one of those damn lockers and surrender to the sleep, the dreaded sleep of space travel. Every time she crawled into

those lockers she had to feel herself slowly die. Her heart slowed down, her blood became sluggish, and her mind stopped. It just closed down, like a computer that was shut off. That was what she hated most, the empty darkness of it. But this time Gina was actually looking forward to cryo-sleep. In that deep, death-like sleep she did not think. That meant she could not think about Riddick. And for that Gina was thankful.

>
Suddenly a fiery flash of pain speared Gina's mind, making her instinctively jolt forward, eyes suddenly wide, wild and terrified. It was like being born again. Suddenly she could feel, see, hear, smell! Gina realized that she still was in her cryo-tube, the glass cover filled with fine cracks. Gina groaned, feeling the deep cut above her eyebrow, blood slowly trickling down her cheek. She must have hit her forehead on the glass. _But why?

>

>Alarms screamed shrilly at her, begging her to waken. Gina groaned again. What the fuck was going on?! Numb still from cryo-sleep, Gina fumbled for the auto-release, immediately regretting she had touched it once she got a glimpse of outside.

>It was absolute HELL outside.

>
Something hard rocked the ship, nearly causing Gina to fall out of the tube. Outside Gina heard the steady roar of wind hitting the metal hull and the whine of the alarms. Slowly Gina sat up, blinking her eyes as her mind raced in animal terror. Something has happened and the ship was crashing into God knows what planet! **SHE HAD TO GET OUT!!!**

>
Suddenly Johns was in front of her, gazing at something as blood seeped out of his ears. Gina crawled out of her tube, noticing the cuts on her arms and legs from the broken glass. She was about to ask what was going on when all hell broke loose.

>
No more than six feet away from where she was standing the strong steel hull was ripped open, sending a gale of wind and sand into the passenger cabin. Gina shrieked as John leapt away, grabbing a handrail. An explosion of wind sent Gina flying against the wall and desperate to save her life Gina grabbed a steel rail, her eyes on the horror behind her.

>
The damn ship was being buried under the planets surface! A black wall of dirt tore at the hull, pouring into the passenger cabin behind her, crushing forty cryo-tubes, passengers still inside, with it. Gina held onto the rail for dear life, closing her eyes and desperately wishing she would wake up from this nightmare...

3. Chapter 3

Gina was not so sure on what happened after that. By some miracle the Hunter-Grartzner came to a lurching stop, the force of it sending Gina slamming into the wall again, knocking her wind out. After that she slowly lost consciousness. The last thing she saw was Riddick's empty cryo-tube...

>
It took what seemed like an eternity to wake up. She opened her eyes slowly, greeted by the welcome sight of Shazza, alive and well, gazing down at her. Gina blinked, covered in dust and aching in every part of her body. Hell, even her hair hurt. Smiling weakly, Gina sat up with some help from Shazza. "I take it we are seriously fucked?" Gina asked, her voice hoarse.

>
Shazza nodded, quickly checking Gina for serious wounds. Luckily Gina only suffered from cuts and a lot of bruises. "Your head's bleedin, luv." Shazza said, handing Gina a strip of cloth.

>
Gina groaned as she got to her feet, her vision swimming for a

moment. Wincing, Gina took the cloth and pressed it against the cut on her forehead, nodding her thanks. Gina closed her eyes, waiting for her vision to return to normal. "Where the fuck are we?" Gina growled as she followed Shazza through the demolished ship, slowly heading for Nav Bay.

>
Shazza shrugged. "I have no idea, luv. There ain't that many survivors." she said solemnly.

>
Gina said nothing, quietly following the bushwhacker. As they came close to Nav Bay Gina saw a crumpled form chained to a broken steel pillar and inwardly groaned in recognition. Riddick. So he lived. Figures. And by the looks of it Riddick and Johns had tussled already.

>
"The convict tried getting away but Johns, or whateva his name is, stopped him. Hit him pretty hard too." Shazza said, not turning to see Gina but knew she was frowning.

>
Gina mentally cursed to herself but made her voice sound as impersonal as possible. "Really? Pity I missed the fight." Yeah, a real pity, Gina thought to herself as she gazed down at Riddick's shaved head, 'cause I would have liked to nail your ass too.

>
Recognizing her voice Riddick looked up, still blindfolded, his face ghostly unconcerned, as though he had expected her to survive the crash. Gina scowled, suddenly wanting to land a punch square on his bald head. Still scowling and muttering dark curses concerning Riddick's mother, Gina stepped into Nav Bay.

>
Inside was a grisly scene.

>
Inside Nav Bay were the remaining passengers. Gina recognized Zeke and Johns, and went to stand next to them. All of them were staring at Fry, who was looking down at her fellow pilot, Owens. Owens was not a pretty sight. Somehow he got run straight through the chest with a metal rod of some sort. At the moment he was screaming, pain racked as her died slowly.

>
"Ohmygod..." Shazza whispered.

>
"Pull it out of him!" snapped someone behind Gina, some stuffy man with glasses. "Pull it out of him now!"

>
"No, it's to close to the heart." Johns said next to her, his voice devoid of any emotion.

>
Gina shook her head. As much as she hated agreeing with the jerk, she knew he was right. This dude was good as dead. Even if they pulled him off that rod, he would die from blood loss in a minute or two.

>
"You gotta do it, just do it really fast..." the man with the specs insisted.

>
Fry, her hand shaking in horror and revulsion, carefully tough the rod.

>
"Don't touch it!" Owens suddenly shrieked, his eyes wild with pain. "Don't touch the switch!"

>
There was a moment of stunned silence and Zeke spoke up, his voice hard. "You'll kill him I tell you!"

>
"Shit, just leave him alone."

>
Gina shook her head sadly. "Man's delirious." she muttered.

>
"Don't tough that switch!" Owens rasped and then began to scream incoherently.

>
"Doncha got any drugs for dis poor man?" Zeke demanded.

>
"Don't bother." Gina said gravely. "He's good as dead already. There is nothing we can do for him."

>
Fry looked up at them, her lips trembling and her eyes two gleaming pool of gray and blue as tears began to well up. "All

right... all right... Okay, somebody... there's some Anestaphine in the med locker at the end of the cabi..." Fry began as she turned and paled, seeing that the cabin was no longer there. Seeing this, Fry closed her eyes as tears began to well up. "Get out of here." she whispered, her voice tortured.

>
"What? But the man is..." Shazza began.

>
"Get out everybody!" Fry snapped, her harshness of her tone drowning out all arguments. Fry glared up at them, the hopelessness in her eyes almost tangible. "Please..."

>
Johns nodded and sullenly pushed everyone out of the Nav Bay. "You heard the lady people. Lets go."

>
Gina dropped her eyes, numbly following Shazza and Zeke as Owens continues to scream. Gina shook her head remorseful. She felt bad for Fry, remembering how much it had hurt when all of the members of her unit died, eight years ago when she was still in the Galaxy Marines on Saltoss Six. God, this was such a bitch! Could things get any worse?

>
Behind her the screaming suddenly stopped.

LATER...

Gina looked out at the planet, thoroughly disgusted. Of all planets they could have crashed on, they had to crash on this pathetic shithole. Gina snorted. Desolate and completely barren, the planet was completely devoid of life. Nothing. Just sand, rock and wind. The most bizarre aspect though where the two suns. Two of them hung above them, like two sentinels, scorching everything. If the intense heat wasn't bad enough there was also the low oxygen level to deal with. Just talking put on out of breath, gasping for breath.

>
Gina was seated on the top of the hulk of the Hunter-Gratzner, wearing her silver sunglasses that she had found in one of her pockets. Shazza and Zeke where standing behind her, looking as unhappy as she did, and gazing at the landscape. Next to Shazza was some kid they found, twelve or thirteen years old. He was a spunky kid, with short shaggy brown hair and large eyes that obviously knew too much then any kid is supposed to. The thin, stuffy man came up behind them, sweating heavily as he gazed up at the twin suns behind his glasses. "Well. Out little slice of heaven." he wheezed.

>
Gina rolled her eyes as she battled to conceal the distain she had for the man. Just looking at him made want to scowl. Name was Paris, a rich antique dealer who obviously though to highly of himself. Gina muttered a curse. She had to deal with self-righteous bastards like him far too many times in her business and immediately detested him.

>
"Shouldn't we be looking for others?" Paris asked, ignoring Gina, "Send out a search party or something?"

>
Gina snorted. "Good luck." she muttered.

>
Johns looked down at the gauged floor of the skid marks the ship made during the crash, bringing the death of forty passengers with it. "I think we found 'em. Unless some of you boys want to start digging for bodies." Johns asked, jerking his head at the other survivors.

>
Four males five feet away glanced up, their head wrapped in light cloth turbans and white desert robes, identifying them as Muslims. Three of them were young, kids really, no older then twenty, but one was older, dark-skinned and closer to forty-something. His name was Imam, or something like that. Gina hadn't dealt with that many Arabs; they where rather rare in the out-skirts. From what she had heard this group was headed for New Mecca.

>
Imam nodded to her in quiet greeting and looked up at the rest, his eyes glowing in a passive light of calm wisdom. "Please, which way to New Mecca? We must know in which direction in order to pray." Imam asked, him and his three protégés wishing to pray for the lost crewmen and passengers.

>
Johns whipped out his compass and blinked, staring as he watched the dial spin around in circles as though it had a life of its own. Imam glanced down at the compass and nodded, walking up to his fellow Muslims and gave them quick instructions. In unison the four of them fell to their knees, each one back to back, facing all directions, and began to pray.

**LATER...
>

Gina watched the survivors, rarely speaking. She knew they were fucked. It was that simple. The chances of the Company sending a search party were slim to none. The Company would see it as a waste of money. They were stuck on this rock, like it or not.

>
At the moment Fry, Shazza, Zeke and Paris were discussing the problem they were having breathing, something about the pressure in the atmosphere. That was when Zeke broke out a question that Gina had been waiting to be asked: What the FUCK happened up there?!

>
Fry paused to lick her dry lips, still uneasy from Owens's sudden, painful death. "Something knocked us off-lane. Maybe a rogue comet. Maybe we will never now."

>
"Well, that is the biggest load of bullshit I have ever heard!" Gina snapped, getting to her feet and glared at the pilot. "How the fuck can a comet hit us?!"

>
Fry said nothing but Shazza glared at Gina, surprised that the girl could be so rude. Granted, she did like the girl. Gina had a strong, defiant spirit but it was also obvious that the girl was a hard ass who rarely exhibited any emotions other than cold arrogance and animalistic viciousness. "Well I for one am thoroughly fuckin grateful! This beast wasn't made to land like this. But cripes, you rode it down," Shazza said, giving Fry a supportive smile. "Come on you lousy ingrates, the only reason we are alive is cuzza of her."

>
The others nodded and as the rest of them said their thanks Gina immediately noticed the guilty gleam in Fry's eyes and knew that Fry had nothing to do with their miraculous landing. Gina said nothing and turned away to face Johns. He gave her a questionable look and raised an eyebrow, as though asking her if she really bought Fry's story. Gina shook her head and jaunted her chin to the broken remains of Nav Bay, making it pretty clear whom she really thought saved their ass's today.

>
"Okay," Fry was saying, her voice thick. "Let's break out the pressure suits."

>
Still frowning, Gina followed Johns inside. As they passed Riddick's still form Gina noticed the cutting torch from where Riddick was chained. Waiting until Johns and the others were a few feet ahead, Gina kicked the torch across the floor as inconspicuously as possible, sending it to lie a foot in front of where Riddick was chained.

>
Riddick looked up, his eyes covered behind the blindfold, his head cocked in an inquisitive angle. Gina glared at him, not caring that he couldn't see her. "Think you can handle that one Richie?" Gina whispered coldly, and then rushed to catch up with the others.

4. Chapter 4

Fry kept the pressure suits (used for emergency repairs on the outside hull in deep space) in an emergency locker, the suits hanging in single file on a steel rod. Following Fry's instructions the group began to rip open the black suits, looking for the liquid oxygen containers inside. With those containers the small group of survivors would find it easier to breath on this low oxygen planet.

>
Gina fell into a hypnotic silence, the babble of conversation passing over her head as she focused on her work. It was only when Fry asked Johns about Riddick did Gina look up, thinking that Fry had noticed the blow torch Gina had earlier kicked across the floor to lie at Riddick's feet.

>
"And him?" Fry asked.

>
Johns glanced back at the corner where Riddick was kept, thankfully not seeing the torch. "Big Evil? He's my prisoner, highest priority." Johns answered, pulling out a holobadge for everyone to see... Gina blinked. A fake holobadge! Gina turned away, hiding her angry scowl. No wonder John's was so good. _He Was A Fucking Merc!!!_ Probably sent by the Company like all those other mercenaries and assassins that were sent to kill Riddick...

>
"We keep him locked up forever?" Fry was asking.

>
"That would be my choice," Johns answered. "Already escaped once from the max-slam facility two years ago..."

>
"I don't want to hear his life story." Fry interrupted. "Is he really that dangerous?"

>
Johns shrugged. "Only around humans"

>
Gina ground her teeth, keeping her eyes on the jacket that she cutting open with the hunting knife she bought on Gemini Six. She had found it earlier, thinking that things couldn't get any worse then this.

>
That was when Fry noticed the water leak.

>
With a gasp Fry leapt to her feet, running full tilt to the water citrine, Zeke and Johns following her. Gina blinked and got to her feet, wanting to investigate as well.

>
What she found was not good.

>
They had practically no water. And this was a desert planet.

>
LATER

"Well now," Gina said coldly as she gazed down at the nearly empty water citrine. "Isn't this pleasant? Now we are _REALLY_ fucked."

>
"Shut it Gina." Fry muttered, her face thoughtful.

>
Jack however smiled and looked up at Gina worshipfully. "Are we all going to die here? If some does die, do we have to drink their blood since we don't got nothing to drink?" Jack asked Gina, his eyes alight.

>
Gina smiled and before Shazza or Fry could stop her from commenting Gina nodded, shrugging and cast a evil glare Fry's direction. "Not bad of an idea kiddo. Who do you think will die first? Paris?"

>
"I said _SHUT IT_, Gina!" Fry snapped, pulling Jack away from Gina as though she had some contagious disease. Gina sniffed and winked at Jack, who smiled back at her.

>
Fry sighed as she looked away, her eyes calculating. What to do? What to do?

>
Johns glanced at Fry and then breathed out, leaning against the

steel hull, fingering his nightstick absently. "What now?" he asked, looking Fry in the eyes.

>
Fry swallowed hard, looking up at the blue-eyed cop, wishing they would all just turn to someone else for instructions, wishing that everything was not up to her... "We need water. Do any of you have anything in the cargo hold that we can use?"

>
A long moment of silence filled the corridor as they all looked to each other, hoping that someone would answer. No one did. Fry cursed vilely and looked away. After a moment she dared to look up again. "Well, lets just go down as see if we can find something anyway..." Fry said carefully and turned, leading them downward the cargo hold, pausing only for several torch lights.

>
As Gina silently followed she considered Riddick. If he was the Riddick she remembered then he should be well on his way.

>
LATER

Still frowning, Fry led the survivors down the winding corridors of the Hunter-Gratzner to the cargo hold. All the way down there were signs that the great ship would never fly again. Walls were either cracked, crumbling, torn or ripped open, or gone; scrapped away during the descent. There were also lose cables and wires to watch out for, as well as long rails of twisted steel to dodge or climb under. Overall the descent was quite a saddening experience.

>
Gina was quite anxious to see if her crates had survived. Not only was she worried about her crate holding her personal artifacts but also she was also really concerned about her shipment of weapons. Those guns were her livelihood. Due to be sold to high bidders in the arms trade, Gina had spent hundreds of thousands of credits getting those guns made and tested. In essence, they were her life.

>
Gina had two crates on board in the cargo hold. One was really small. It held her clothing, computer laptop, jewelry, and other personal items. Among those personal items Gina was mostly concerned about her laptop for it contained all the important information on her company, GeeTek Arms. Cash flow readouts, clients contact info, weapons specks, it was all in there. The second crate held her shipment. One hundred guns of her latest design, each gun valued at 450 credits. That was 45 gees of hard cash. Gina had been spending the past year designing those guns. They were her best models; with a smartgun computer system, fingerprint scanner, and seeker goggles that connected with the gun's modem. All the guns were automatic and they varied from laser pistol to shotguns.

>
Several more minutes of walking down more craggy corridors, Fry finally came to the huge steel plated door of the cargo bay. After punching in her security code and pressing her hand on the fingerprint signature lock, Fry stepped back as the door suddenly hissed and lurched open. Pushing Fry out of the way, Gina walked into the cargo hold, pulling out her flashlight to pierce the smoky gloom.

>
What she found was not to promising.

>
The cargo hold was in real bad shape. During the decent a lot of the walls collapsed and caused a lot of electrical wires to rip open and start one hell of a fire. The smells of smoke and molten metal pierced Gina's senses and she turned away, coughing and gagging from the rancid smell of chemicals and smoke. But she knew what her tearing eyes had seen. The crate that held her guns was practically melted to slag. "Awww Fuck!" Gina snarled, waving her hands vainly to clear the torid air and glared down at the crate, her eyes hard

despite the searing chemicals. "That was one hellava landing Fry," Gina snaped at the pilot, her eyes burning "You managed to fuck up half the ship!"

>
Fry glared at Gina, her blue eyes cold and unconcerned. "Right now that is not or primary objective. What _IS_ our primary objective is that we get the fuck off this planet. If we ever do I swear we'll reimburse you."

>
Gina scowled but for once said nothing. Instead she began the long and heavy work of scavanging what she could. If anything would put her mind at ease it would be to at least be armed properly. Meanwhile, Fry as the others began searching through Paris's shipment (which Gina noticed was undamaged, causing her to almost snarl in resentment) discovering his enormous supply of high grade booze.

>
It took nearly an hour of kicking the hell out of the molten steel, but Gina was eventually able to pry open the crate, one of Paris's bottle of old Irish Whiskey making the work a bit more cheery. Gina found that only 5 guns survived the fire, 3 simple rifles, one smartgun system equiped with the heat-seeking goggles and shotgun, and one lazor pistol. Gina closed her eyes when she saw the reckage, suddenly feeling like crying. It had taken a year to be able to develop the funds to be able to bring this guns to life, and now look at them. But despite such heavy losses Gina was still pleased to see that some survived, especially the smartgun computer system. It was state of the art and doubled the output of the rifles which, sadly enough, were armed by old fashioned shot gun rounds, somethiing she did not have much of.

>
Gina sighed and bit back any comments that sprang to mind, forcing herself to calm down. At least she was armed, that was something to be thankful for. Now at least she felt whole, complete and more then ready for whatever this planet had to through at her. If she where to die she was going to die fighting, with a gun in her hand. Gina ran a had over the sleek, steel blue armor coating of the rifle she had specifically asked for. She shivered, feeling something like a electric current go through her entire body, making the tips of her fingers tingle. She knew these guns as well as she knew her own body. They were as close to her as her own children would be, if she had any. Gina smiled and sat back, finishing what was left of the whisky, feeling her head spin with that all to familiier feeling of intoxication. If Riddick wanted to fuck around, she was good and ready. "Time to even up that score Richie Boy," Gina whispered to herself, her hand carressing the smartgun system as though it where a lover. "Now it's me whose hunting you."

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I know it's been forever since I've updated this story, but life and school tends to get in the way. I swear i'll try to finnish it ASAP.

End
file.